VOL. 37 NO. 933 SEPTEMBER 2 1899. PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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GRANT HAMILTON—

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THE DROMIOS.

(In the Democratic "Comedy of Errors.")

BRYAN—"What! *another* FOOL in the field, and a GREEN one in this presidential business at that?"

Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

Corner Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York.

☞ *Circulation larger than any other cartoon weekly in the world.*

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IF GORMAN attends the Democratic national convention he will feel like a fly in a bass drum.

* * *

DEWEY'S PERFECT HEALTH is not surprising in view of the fact that all the world drinks to it.

* * *

WHIP THE FILIPINOS and discuss the method of their government afterward. It is not judicious to get the cart before the horse.

* * *

COUNT GREFFULE wants the princess Chimay pronounced insane; but the fact that she has eloped with only one man is something in her favor.

* * *

WEYLER thinks it not impossible that Spain will have a revolution. The man thinks that reparation for anything can be had only by wholesale death through revolution.

* * *

WALDORF ASTOR can never be quite happy until he gets rid of his property in this town, and perhaps the people of the town can never be quite happy until he disposes of it.

* * *

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that Colonel Ingersoll addressed a spiritual gathering on the night following his death his views as to immortality must have reached a state of certainty with great rapidity.

* * *

ALEXANDER TROUP says he thinks he sees the finish of Admiral Dewey as a Democratic candidate. If he had looked carefully he might have seen it some six months before it began.

* * *

LET US HOPE that the Georgians who threaten the Mormon elders who are proselyting among them will not fill them with lead previous to hanging them. There is such a thing as going too far.

* * *

THE FRENCH OFFICERS who have been degraded by the minister of war have one consolation. They can't be degraded as much as Dreyfus was, or as much as they have succeeded in degrading themselves.

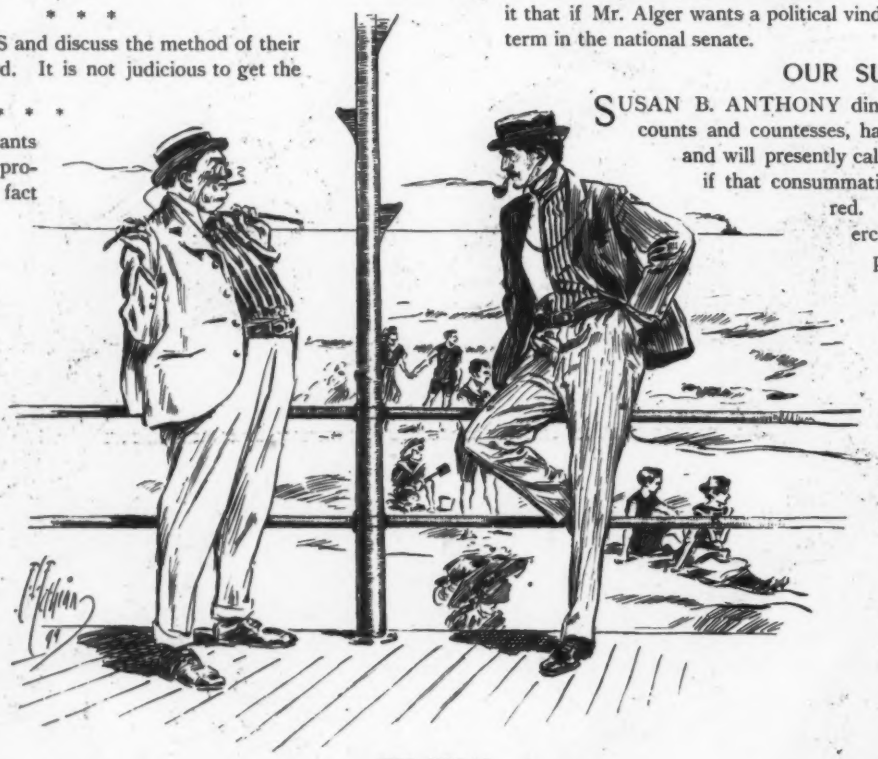
* * *

CARTER HARRISON and John P. Altgeld hate each other, but both have an affection for Bryan that will never die; and Bryan frequently remarks to himself that he could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away.

* * *

The Chicago city directory contains one hundred and sixty-three thousand more names than any other book in the world. It is needless to say that a majority of the best people on earth are listed in it.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

H'M! Does the white man become good through the process of dying, too?



HIS IDEAL.

OLETIMER—"Never marry a woman who has money. She will be forever throwing it up at you."
JACKROSER—"Well, that's what I want. I don't care whether she throws it up or down, as long as she throws it."

GLORY!

THE ASSASSIN of the president of San Domingo is a graduate of a Troy school and the husband of a Troy girl. We don't know that this is new glory to this country, but it may turn out that the dead man was a monster of tyranny and a filcher of the public funds.

TOO GREAT A SACRIFICE.

THE TRIUMPH of the confederates in the civil war would have meant the victory of the Democratic party. The triumph of the Filipinos in their war would mean the same thing. Perhaps it isn't worth while to disgrace the country in order to give victory to the Democratic party.

A GREAT LEGAL CRIME.

THE FACT that Mrs. Maybrick is not guilty is of no importance in comparison with the shock that would follow a confession that British law had been guilty of a mistake. The dignity of the British courts must be sustained no matter how many innocent persons live and die in jail.

JUSTICE TO ALGER.

MICHIGAN testifies to her affection and admiration for Russell A. Alger. The reception accorded him was without politics, and apparently included every man, woman and child in the state. We should take it that if Mr. Alger wants a political vindication he can get it by a term in the national senate.

OUR SUSAN.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY dines with lords and ladies, counts and countesses, has supped with the queen, and will presently call on the princess of Wales, if that consummation has not already occurred. We suspect a desire to exercise her charms on the prince, also; and if she does she will hold her head so high that she will hitch her back hair to a star.

CONTEMPTIBLE COWARDICE.

THE DEMOCRATS of Maryland declare in convention against a large standing army in time of peace, and are silent with regard to the Philippines. Can anybody reflect upon resolutions of that kind without recalling the Democratic cowardice and the treason that prevailed during the civil war? And if not actually treasonable, is it not contemptible?

GOLD AND SILVER.

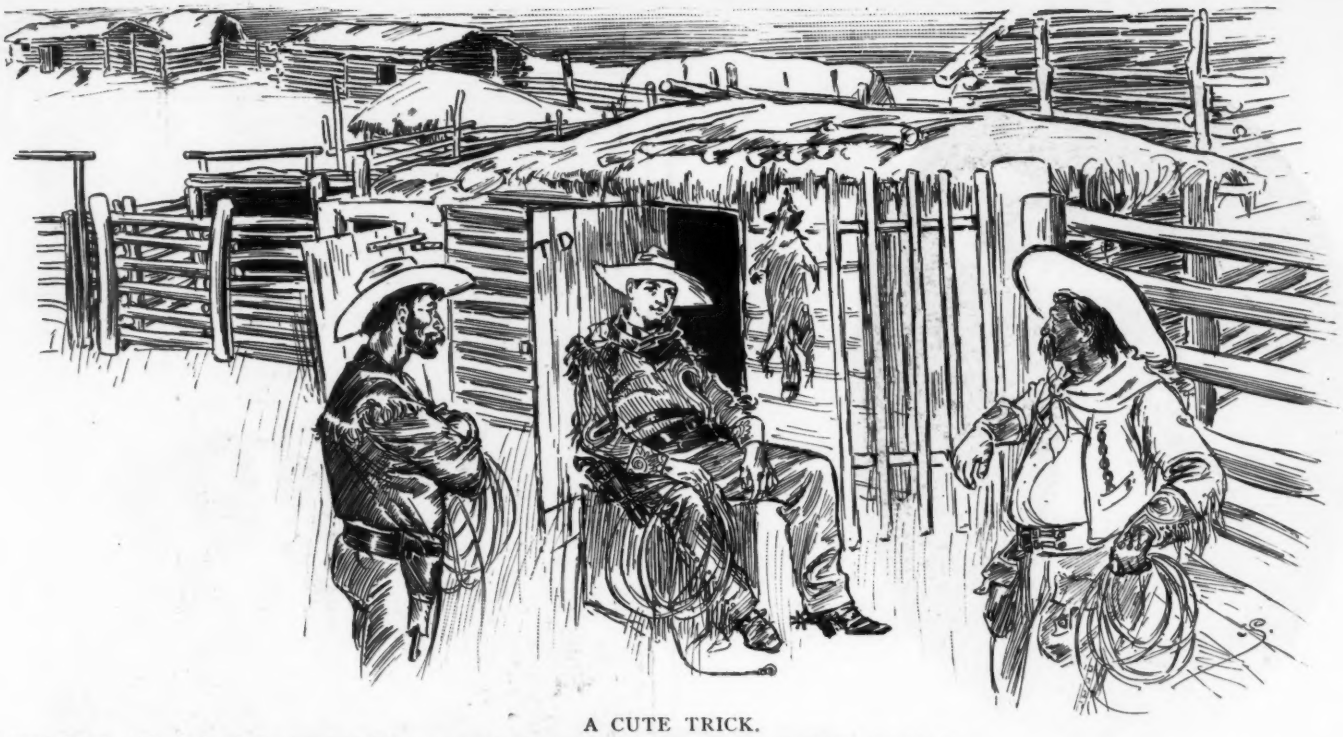
IT IS ANNOUNCED that the gold Democrats are anxious to join the Democratic majority, and that all they ask is for the silver Democrats to make the currency question a secondary issue. Of course, the issue will be the same whether it comes first, second or last, and if it is half-hidden it will be as poisonous as if it were the most conspicuous thing; but the gold Democrats are lonesome and want company.

A CURSE.

KIPLING wrote a curse of America that must remind him at this period of what a miserable little wretch he was at that time. The attitude of a man who shakes his fist at the ocean is not heroic; and the writer who tries to bespatter a continent with ink is not sublime. Kipling when he first visited us had a vicious temper. He probably has learned since that it hurt him more than it hurt the United States of America.

WE SHALL MISS HIM.

BENEDICT ARNOLD and Judah P. Benjamin became British subjects quite naturally, having become excessively tired of being Americans and being in some fear that their blawsted country would hang them. Waldorf Astor has equally good reasons in a desire for a seat in parliament and an ambition to fill the matrimonial vacancy arising from the death of Randolph Churchill. It is hard to lose him; but, as the jilted girl remarked of her sweetheart, "God bless him, let him go."



A CUTE TRICK.

BRONCO PETE—"I see there's five hundred dollars reward for Hurricane Bill. Reckon the sheriff 'll ketch him?"
RABBIT RUBE—"No; Bill was cute enough to get the sheriff's wife to elope with him when he skipped. The ole man wouldn't bring him back for a million."

WRINKLES.

DWANPA'S face is
des all kwinkled,
So is dwanma's too,
But they's twite a lot of
diffunce,
Now I'm tellin' oo;
All the kwinkly marks on
dwanpa—
Anyway more'n half—
Was lef' there by frowns,
and dwanma's
Was all lef' by laugh.

D. H. T.

TO BE SURE!

Mrs. McLubberty—"Murty, do yez belave the dead walk?"

McLubberty—"Av coorse! D'yez s'pose they can affoord to be roidin' ahl the toime?"

A DIFFICULT JOB.

BICYCLIST—"Well, Charlie, my boy, I hope you are doing the best you can."
TOMMY HAYRICK—"Yes, sir! I'm doing the best I can to make pop *think* I'm doing the best I can. He's over in the corn-lot watching me."

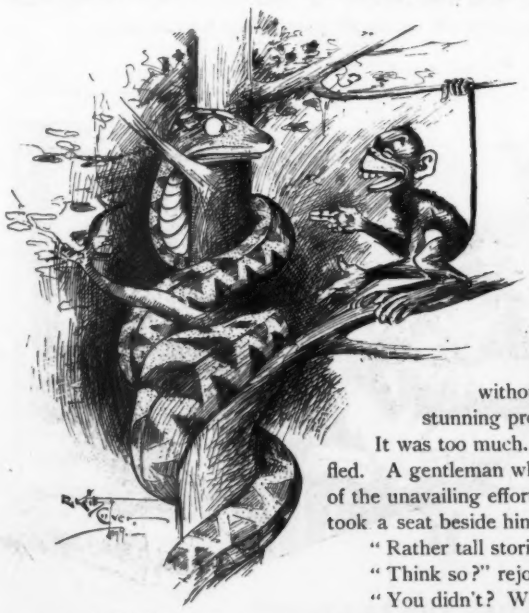
HER WAY.

WHEN Mabel plays
at whist, I vow,
Quite frantic she will
make one.
She drives me crazy with
her tricks,
But never can she
take one.

IMMODEST.

Dorothy (on passing a tree around whose trunk had been tacked, one above the other, several differently colored advertisements)—"I should think any tree would be more modest than to wear such striped stockings in public."

THERE is no thorn in feminine flesh like that of the rejected lover who finds happiness elsewhere.



A SURE TIP.

"What's that you just swallowed?"
"That's your wife."
"Well, you'll have a picnic digesting her."

THE WRONG MAN.

HE WAS a pale, quiet, ministerial-looking little man and he sat unmoved in the corner while the boys were telling yarns that would disturb the serenity of a cast-iron owl. It was very disconcerting to observe his placid, even bored, expression after a particularly lurid fabrication, and the boys put forth their best efforts. Stories of blood-curdling adventure, tales of hair-breadth escape, gorgeous falsehood and pyrotechnics of vivid imagination, he absorbed without wincing, and at last, after a stunning prevarication, he actually yawned. It was too much. The boys rose in disgust and fled. A gentleman who had been an amused witness of the unavailing efforts to surprise the quiet stranger took a seat beside him and said,

"Rather tall stories those boys were telling."

"Think so?" rejoined the stranger. "I didn't."

"You didn't? Why, you don't mean to say—why, some of them were simply blood-curdling! Er—by-the-bye, you are not a minister, are you?"

"No," replied the other, rising with a far-away look in his eyes; "I'm a writer of dime novels."

GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

AT THE ZOO.

"Oh, mamma! is that one of those New Jersey mosquitoes?"

Photo. by Hall.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

LILLIAN MADISON.

Danseuse, you are far from slow
On the light fantastic toe—
You are supple as a wand of willow,
Fleet as foam on an ocean billow,
While you win, and take no chances,
In your airy-fairy dances.

THE LATEST OUT.

MRS. GUESSAGAIN—"What is the latest thing out in bathing-suits?"

GUESSAGAIN—"Well, I saw Penelope Bonds out in hers last night at ten-thirty."

THE USUAL OUTCOME.

PERCY—"If I marry that girl it will be just like finding money."

ALGY—"Yes—in your sleep."

SYMPHONETIC.

"WHAT is classical music?" you ask me, dear girl:
'Tis a kind always puts a weak mind in a whirl
You, hearing great symphonies, such is your lot,
Must acknowledge you like if you like them or not.

BENNY'S SYNONYM.

"BENNY," said the pretty schoolma'am, "you may give me a synonym for the expression, 'He had an end in view.'"

"He sees his finish," replied Benny promptly.

DOUBTFUL.

Ethel—"Does your father know of your engagement yet, May?"

May—"No; but I told him I meant to accept James if he offered himself, and he said he'd 'be bless'd if I did!' So I know it will please him."

A DIFFICULT MATTER.

BETH had never before heard the frogs croak. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, "I don't see how folks can understand them, they've got such awful brogues."

PROOF POSITIVE.

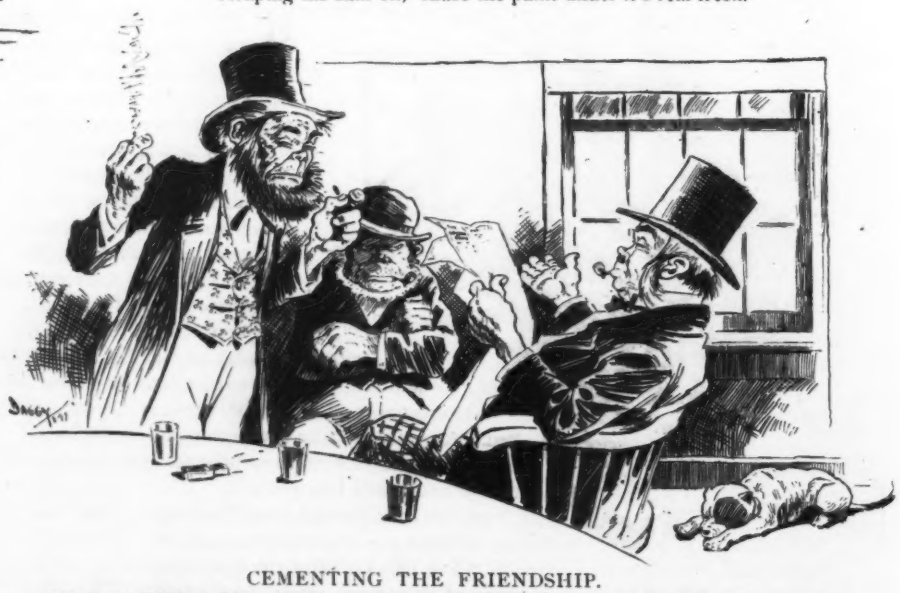
Marie—"Oh, there was such a dreadful beetle in my room last night! As big as a mouse. A yellowish-brown thing—ugh! I chased him half an hour."

Jack—"Um—it was an electric beetle, I guess."

Marie—"It must have been, for it ran like lightning."

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

"I TELL you," said wise Bobbie, "a feller can't be too careful about scraping his skin off, 'cause the paint under it's real fresh."



CEMENTING THE FRIENDSHIP.

CASSIDY—"When Dick Croker was over in England he done all he cud to incrase the good-feeling thot England has for Amerikay"

COSTIGAN—"How so?"

CASSIDY—"Whoy, he hasn't had a horse win yet and has lost five thousand pounds."

END OF THE HONEYMOON.

MR. JUSTWED—"When I die, love, I want to be cremated."
MRS. JUSTWED—"That is a good idea, John. The gold in your teeth ought to pay all the expenses."

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

EXPLORER—"Are you very high-church up here?"
ESQUIMAU—"Well, we don't believe in burning candles; we believe in eating them."

EXPELLED FOR CAUSE.

"DEAR sisters," said the president of the mothers' club, rising majestically. She held a sheet of note-paper in her hand and there was a ring of sadness—almost pain—in her voice. "Dear sisters," she said, and paused as if her thoughts were too distressing for ready utterance. A long, deep sigh issued from the assembled mouths. It seemed to strengthen her, for she began to speak, although very slowly. "We have a sad duty to perform to-day, dear sisters. The information has reached me that one of our members has so conducted herself that we have no recourse but to demand her resignation. She is one who has heretofore ranked high in our councils and our affections; she has given us many of our best papers; she has shown us with unerring accuracy the pitfalls which lay in the path of mothers; she has given us courage when we have faltered before the dreadful responsibilities of womanhood; she was our greatest ornament, and she has fallen. Alas! alas!

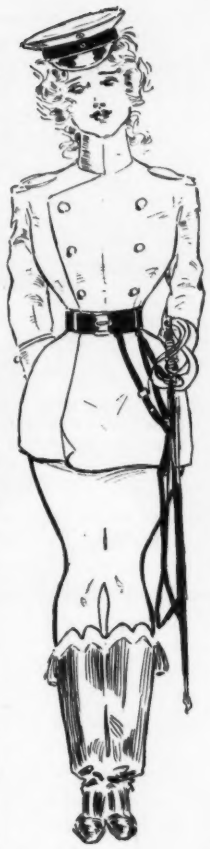
"I have here a note from her—a note which has caused me to grieve—a note so different from her erstwhile happy utterances that it seems almost to breathe despair through the gauze of gladsomeness which covers it o'er. She begs to be excused from our meetings until further notice. Her plea is that she is no longer able to keep in touch with our work. She must henceforth be a thing apart from us. Sisters"—the president's voice trembled and the aigrette upon her head shook visibly. A woman in the rear of the room sobbed. In the silence many lumps were swallowed—"sisters, the poor girl—our dear friend—has become a mother—the mother of a child!"

A gasp of horror followed the grim revelation; then the black-balls rattled and it was all over.

D. H. TALMADGE.

A JEWISH PREFERENCE.

FIRST BASE-BALL PLAYER—"I wonder why the captain is calling down Isaacstein so often?"
SECOND BASE-BALL PLAYER—"Why wouldn't he? When he sends Isaacstein to bat out a base-hit Isaacstein always tries to get in a sacrifice hit."



JUDGE'S WORLD'S *FAIR*.

NO. XXXIII.—VIENNOISE.

The Danube, beautiful and blue,
Has lent your eye its sparkling hue;
Blue stockings, though, are not for you,
Of Boston make.

Blue laws would ineffectual be
To curb your maiden fancy free:
In old Vienna's bakery
You take the cake.

A BACK-DOOR BOOMERANG.

Mrs. Givens—"Go away, you lazy tramp! You can't tell me you are an inventor. I'd like to know what such a looking object as you could invent?"

Hungry Hi—"I'll tell yer, mum—fairy-tales dat make de fool feminine sex weep an' hand me out food an' money."

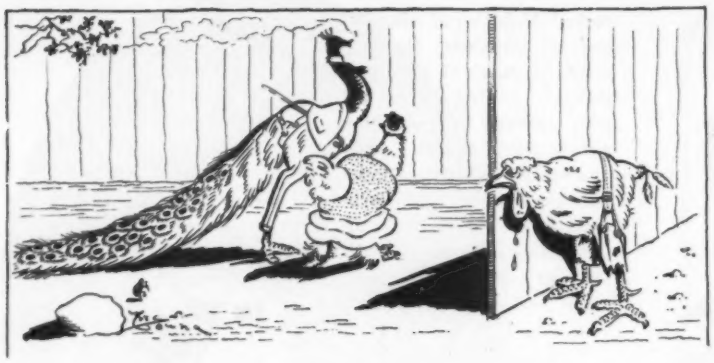
INCOMMUNICADO.

Warwick—"We don't hear much any more about them fellows that went to the Klondike to get rich suddenly."

Wickwire—"No; letter-postage has to be paid in advance, you know."

NOT REVERSIBLE.

BETH had never before seen an ox with its large, well-formed horns. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see that animal's handle-bars."



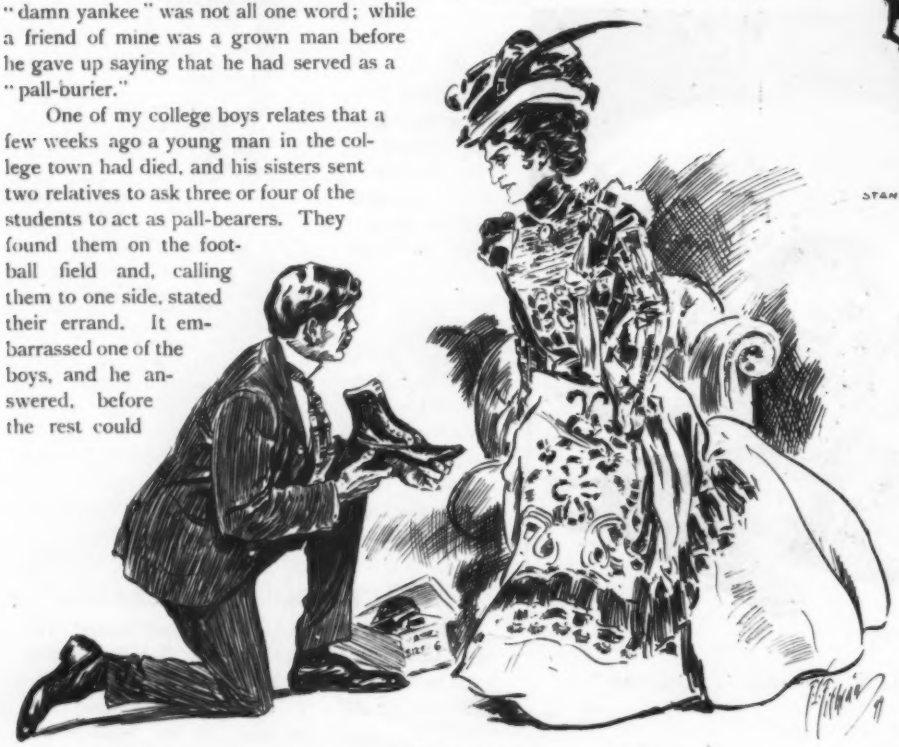
OLD ROOSTER—"Well, if that hain't ungratefulness! Had my tail-feathers yanked out in a fight with a rooster that insulted my wife, and now she goes and shines up to a peacock just because he looks pretty."

BEING HALF RIGHT.

IT IS curious how words, expressions, and even whole phrases, go by intelligent people for a considerable part of their lives without correct pronunciation or without a comprehension of their true meaning. It is related that a congressman became very indignant and nearly brought on a fight because a colleague in debate had said that he was his opponent's peer. It transpired that all his life the latter had thought that peer meant superior. A most estimable lady, reared in the south, was ripe in years before she learned that "damn yankee" was not all one word; while a friend of mine was a grown man before he gave up saying that he had served as a "pall-burier."

One of my college boys relates that a few weeks ago a young man in the college town had died, and his sisters sent two relatives to ask three or four of the students to act as pall-bearers. They found them on the football field and, calling them to one side, stated their errand. It embarrassed one of the boys, and he answered, before the rest could say a word or do anything to stop him, "We are very sorry, but we've got another engagement—we've got to go to Nashville to-morrow to play foot-ball. Please tell his sisters that we're just as much obliged to them for the invitation and sorry we can't accept it." My friend, with the carelessness of youth, concludes his story by saying, "They drove on down town and picked up three or four other fellows that did just as well."

G. K. S.



DIPLOMACY.

TACTFUL SHOE-CLERK—"Here is a pair of one-and-a-half shoes that the maker has marked number six by mistake. Just try this on, please; I believe it will just fit you" (*Trial and speedy sale.*)

DISILLUSIONED.

With her witching smile
That gleamed the while,
Her blush and her dainty dimple,
I had thought her simply perfect, but
I found her perfectly simple.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Woman—"You don't expect me to believe the story that you haven't had anything to eat for two days, do you?"

Tramp—"I dunno, ma'am. I'm not responsible for your belief."

IN CONFIDENCE.

SHE was a woman quite unused
To railway travel, and her bags
And various bundles much amused
The little boys and older wags.

At last she reached her stopping-place,
And Bill the brakeman kindly came
And helped, with his good-natured grace,
The much-incumbered country dame.

"Oh, thank you kindly, sir," she said
"Don't mention it," quoth courteous Bill.
To which, while blushing rosy red,
She murmured, "No, I never will."

HELEN W. GROVE.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Theatre-manager—"You've got a pretty thin lot of women in that ballet."

Proprietor of show (wearily)—"Yes; it's time they were vaccinated again."

GOOD-BYE, EAGLE.

EDITH—"Why do you think the bobolink should be our national bird?"
PERCY—"Why, 'B b' is Scotch, 'o' is Scotch, 'links' is Scotch, and the whole thing is 'golfy.'"

THE PROFESSIONAL "LIMIT."

MR. WAYBACK (*reading sign, aghast*)—"By gosh! I believe in expansion, but I'll be durned ef th' public hain't allowin' that ere chap *too* much rope."

MRS. MAXWELL'S SORROW.

THE sorrow of Mrs. Maxwell's life was that she had lost her only child. It was twenty-five years since the baby died, but she still continued to mourn for it with the same freshness of grief as had overwhelmed her on the day of its demise; with this difference only—that the outward demonstrations of her woe had become somewhat mechanical and perfunctory. Living in a little country town, seeing the same faces and hearing the same voices day after day and year after year, she was continually reminded of her affliction; and the simple-minded, kindly townspeople fostered it, unwittingly enough, by their untiring expressions of sympathy and condolence.

I happened to be stopping in the town for a few days one summer, and saw Mrs. Maxwell, who was an old acquaintance of mine, walking in her usual bowed and stricken fashion on the other side of the way. I ran over at once and accosted her. She looked up with a start from what appeared to have been a perfect gulf of trance-like preoccupation. Her eyes fixed themselves upon mine and she said, without any preliminary explanation,

"I've made up my mind an' I'll do it."

"To what have you made up your mind?" I asked, a little startled.

"Oh, that's so; you ain't heard. Well, I've made up my mind to have the coffin exhumed an' opened."

Of course I knew whose coffin she meant. "Why are you going to have that done, Mrs. Maxwell?" I asked wonderingly.

"Jest to see—jest to see," she replied. "I've been thinking of it this long time, an' I won't have no rest till it's done. The folks say it's foolish, but it'll satisfy me."

I met Mrs. Maxwell a few days after. She made no reference to the subject at first, but after a while she said, "You know what I was telling you the last time I saw you—about the baby?"

"Yes."

"I had it done."

"Did you?" I said. "Well?" as she remained silent.

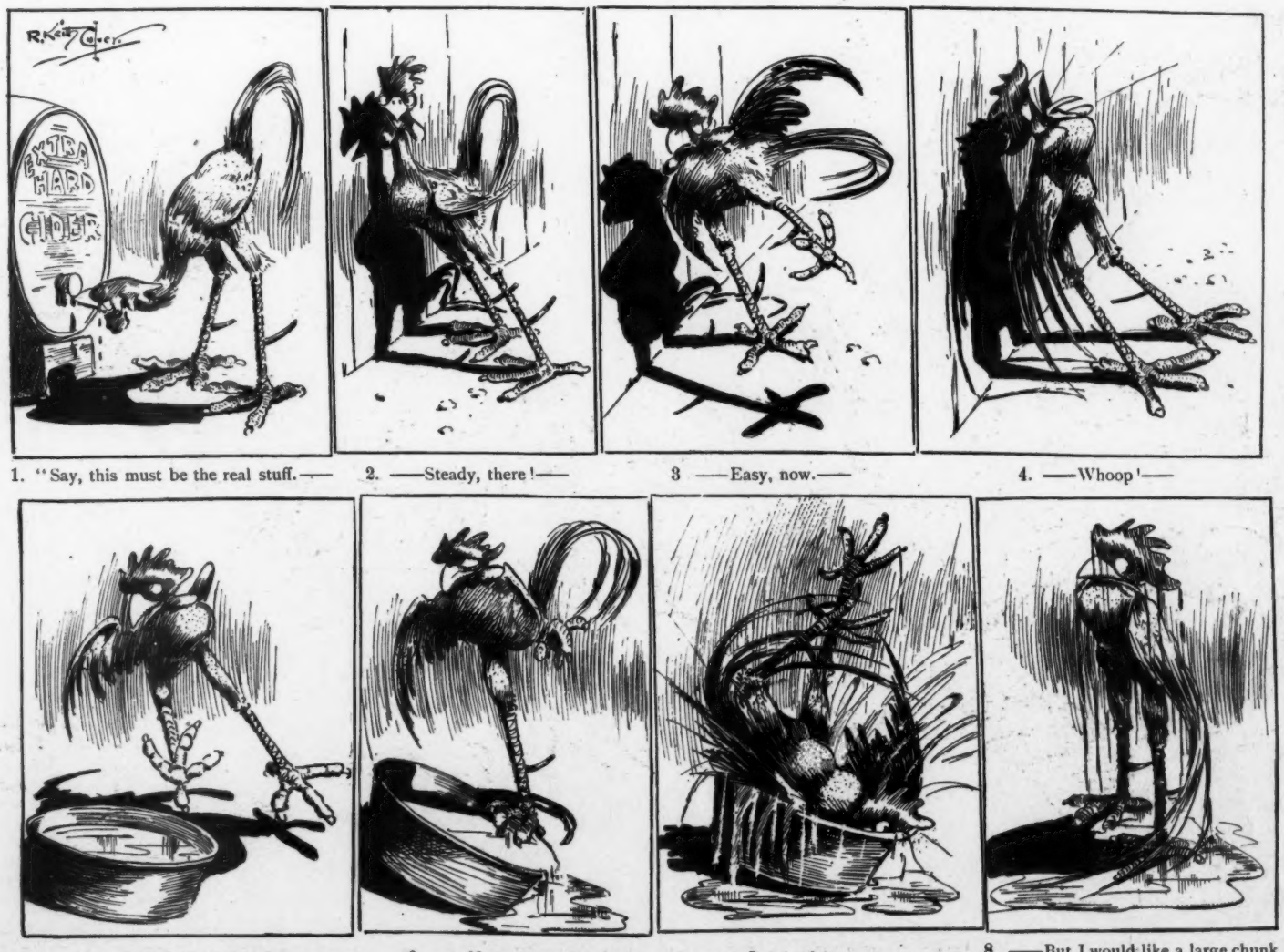
"Well, I found out as how moths an' worms don't eat white silk."

FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.

GOING TO "L" FAST.

ENOUGH.

WELL, strong and rich, quite free from ruth,
Smith looks, e'en smiling, harried.
Now what can ail him, in good sooth?
Nothing much—he is married.



1. "Say, this must be the real stuff.—
2. —Steady, there!—
3 —Easy, now.—
4. —Whoop!—
5. —This is glorious!—
6. —No more water—
7. —for me —
8. —But I would like a large chunk of ice and a towel."

THE HORRIBLE EFFECT OF INTEMPERANCE.

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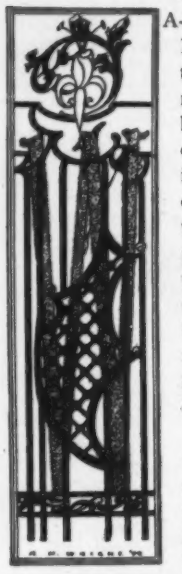
THE OLD DEMOCRATIC EXPRESS (?) COMPARED WITH THE NEW UP

NEW UP-TO-DATE REPUBLICAN AUTOMOBILE DELIVERY.

HIS FATE.



A-AL, no," said honest Farmer Flintrock, in reply to the question of the inquisitively-inclined map-peddler. "That 'ere curis-lookin' contraption that you seen out in the field as you was drivin' up ain't a scarecrow of my own invention, although I use it to frighten the crows; it is simply all that we have left now to remind us of our ingenious nephew, Lyman J. Gapperson, who invented a flyin'-machine, once on a time, and hasn't done anything since. Tell you about him, if you like.

"In other respects Lyman was all right, but he got the notion stuck in his head some way that he was cut out to revolutionize aerial circumnavigation, as I believe he described the interestin' process; and I honestly s'pose before he got his plans perfected to suit himself he wasted enough gray matter, thinkin' over it, to have, at a rough estimate, greased all the ox-cart axles in the state of Vermont, most of the squirt-gun pistons in existence, to have greased a ring on the wall-paper all around half of the settin'-rooms in the whole state of Connecticut, and to have fooled away enough more besides to have lavishly anointed the greased-poles at five or eight well-attended populist picnics. He was a very profound thinker, Lyman was, and when he was in one of his dark-brown studies you could almost hear his brains buzzin' like a swarm of angry, yaller-tailed hornets.

"He ain't with us any more, poor Lyman ain't; he waved his hands in an appropriate gesture one day to his relatives and friends, sailed three hundred and seventeen feet through the atmosphere, and lit all spraddled out in kingdom come. He is there yet, as far as I have ever been able to find out. Accompanied by several of his admirers, he ascended that little hill over there, intendin' to sail majestically across the valley and alight on the opposite hill, where a party of youths and maidens had assembled to strew him with flowers when he lit, to sentimentally express the idea.

"He buckled on his wings, tail and etcetteries, waved his hands as before stated, and hopped off from the top of the hill. A few minutes later his tail fetched loose and dropped off like a sere and yaller leaf in autumn, as they say in stories, displacin' his centre of gravity and destroyin' his calculations, or something of the kind, and down he came, whirlin' over and over like a circus-clown, toward the lightnin'-rod on top of the pizarro of the summer hotel you notice down there at the foot of the hill.

"They didn't have time to move the hotel, much as I s'pose they would have liked to, and so, with a fiendish yell, he implicated himself, as you might say, on the lightnin'-rod; and there he remained with the point of the rod peepin' coyly out of the middle of his back, till they spliced a jag of ladders together and got him down.

"We buried him, bein' as that was about all there was left for us to do, and the youths and maidens before referred to came and strewed his grave with flowers. I keep the remains of his flyin'-machine out there in the field for sentimental reasons; it reminds me of poor Lyman, and it skeers the crows into fits."

TOM P. MORGAN.

HIS REASON.

MOSE—"Why am yo' sech a rabid anti-expansionist?"
PETE—"'Cause I's forever opposed to any kind ob a game dat hain't got a 'anty' in it."

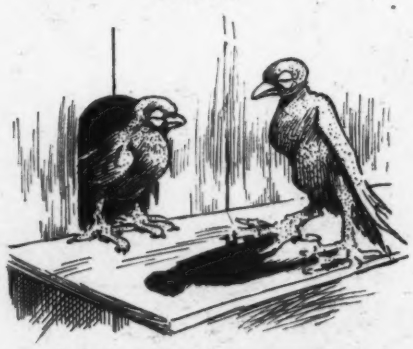
ON THE SLY.

THE PIG—"Wouldn't the farmer be just wild if he saw me taking this anti-fat?"

A LOWLY AMBITION.

MRS. JONES—"Tommy says he'd like to be a pirate."
MR. JONES—"Where did the young villain get such a low idea as that? Why, them Pittsburgs are way down on the base-ball list and still dropping."

ONE OF THOSE NEEDLESS QUESTIONS.



1. "Do you believe in expansion?"

2. THE POUTER—"Well, I guess; that's my business."

OVERPRODUCTION.

There is an overproduction of cotton,
An overproduction of corn;
Too much of everything is grown,
Too many people born.
A surplus yield of wheat and bread,
Of potatoes, oats and rye,
Hog and hominy, ham and eggs,
And home-made pumpkin-pie.

Too much to eat, too much to wear,
And cattle on too many hills;
Too many agricultural tools,
Too many plows and drills.
There's a surplus now of clothing
Of every grade and kind;
Too many books and papers.
Too much of thought and mind.

Too many men to do the work,
Too many women to weep;
More daylight than the people need,
Too much night for sleep.
Of benedicts a surplus,
An oversupply of wives;
Too many buds and blossoms,
More bees than there are hives.

More sunshine and more shadow
Than is needed for the dell;
An overproduction of gravestones,
More coffins than will sell.
An overproduction of ignorance,
A sight too many schools;
Too many poor, too many rich,
And lots too many fools.

—*Baltimore American.*

There's the magic of rest and health in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—at grocers' and druggists'.

If a man were as bold and brave as his wife thinks he is he would be shot for a desperado the first time he left his doorstep.—*New York Press.*

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, is used over the world. Beware of imitations.

Bing—"Can a Christian go to a variety show?" *Ting*—"Not unless he can raise fifty cents or stand in with the agnostic at the door."—*Atlanta Journal.*

PURE,
REFRESHING,
ANTISEPTIC.

For all-round hygienic excellence no cleansing agent compares with

Packer's
Tar Soap.

"Good old Ramblers"

The old timers among cyclists, who have gone through the whole experimental stage of "wheel trying" and "wheel buying," generally feel secure and settled with

Rambler BICYCLES

"20 YEAR OLD FAVORITES"

Price $40

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland. London, Eng.

A girl named plain Mary at her birth dropped the "r" when she grew up, and became Miss May. As she began to shine in a social way she changed the "y" to "e," and signed her letters Mae. About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e," and it's just plain "Ma." That's evolution.—*Canajoharie Radii.*

The Sohmer piano ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability and finish.

Miss Vassar—"Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess?" *Uncle Solomon*—"Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess; and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming paintress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasheress."—*Harlem Life.*

Western relative—"Do zey make 'ittle tootsey-wootsey eat with an ugly old spooney?" *Boston infant*—"They compel me to receive my aliment from an objectionable implement of silver."—*Jewelers' Weekly*

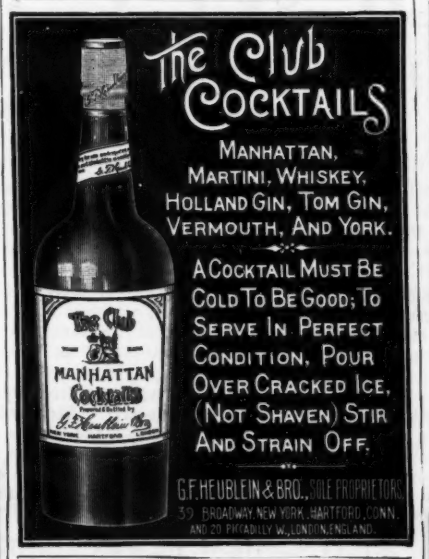
THE BOY IN THE LIBRARY.

He'll surely be a poet, for Shakepeare 's in his line;
He's torn three pages from "Macbeth" and six from "Cymbeline."
A scholar also shall he be who learning rare shall seek;
He's turned the leaves of Homer and blotted half the Greek.

He will excel in painting, with lamp-black, pencils, all;
He's drawn the family portraits upon the parlor wall.
He'll surely take to sculpture, for there, upon the floor,
Lies that new bust of Byron that shows a nose no more.

Alas! the library 's tumbled, my books all out of place;
But dearer to his mother are the roses on his face.
She chides and then she kisses him, while I my anger keep;
And now he's in her arms and she is singing him to sleep.

—*Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.*



McKinley's wave of prosperity hasn't struck the submarine diver. His business is still going down.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
HEADS THE LIST
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.
It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.

"Yes," said the rustic editor, "when my first subscription came in it brought tears to my eyes." "Ah, I see," said the caller; "success after so many failures brought emotions that could not be restrained." "No, it wa'n't that, mister; it was because the first subscriber paid his bill in onions."—*Cleveland News.*

"We've simply got enough of it," protested the neighbors. The man who had been running scales upon a trombone laughed gayly. "Then this is what you might call the horn of plenty!" he exclaimed as by sudden inspiration. Here he laughed again, although near to death.—*Detroit Journal.*

The new boy who had been placed in charge of the soda-fountain hurried back to the proprietor of the drug-store. "Got any big nails?" he asked. "Nails?" repeated his employer in surprise. "What do you want to do?" "Customer up there wants a spike in his soda."—*Ohio State Journal.*

Learn what good whiskey is. The majority of men who drink whiskey don't know what they are taking into their stomachs. You are very particular as to what you eat, but any old whiskey, as long as it tastes good, is satisfactory. Suppose you take the advice of some one who makes whiskey and has a reputation for honesty and truthfulness. Ask any fair-minded dealer what kind of a whiskey the "W W W" is and what kind of a reputation the firm have who make it.

WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN DEWEY COMES HOME?

We'll have the grandest two-day celebration the country has ever known. We'll go delirious with enthusiasm. We'll "paint the town red"; and, above all, we'll consume vast quantities of Heublein's Club Cocktails. Why? Because they are always "just right"; because they satisfy the critical palate, and because the public will have the best.

Some concern has been expressed lest there be a shortage of Heublein's Club Cocktails, owing to those two stirring events in the near future—the Columbia-Shamrock yacht-races and the Dewey celebration; but we beg to assure our readers that the alarm is unfounded, as the makers, G. F. Heublein & Brother, have anticipated the demand and will have a full supply of Club Cocktails in all of the various brands—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, and Whiskey—in every club, restaurant and café, and for sale by the bottle or case by every first-class dealer in the country.

"Well, here's another case of accidental shooting." "Too bad! I wonder why it is that people will go on fooling with guns that they don't know are loaded." "Oh, they knew this one was loaded all right. It happened at a French duel."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

$1,000 to $100,000

The Instalment Policy
issued by
THE PRUDENTIAL

Positively Guarantees an annual income to your beneficiary, either for a designated number of years or for life, as may be arranged when taking out the policy.

BY THIS MODERN FORM
OF LIFE INSURANCE

you avoid the possible danger of unwise investment of the proceeds of your Life Insurance and assure your family of the protection which it was your object to furnish them.

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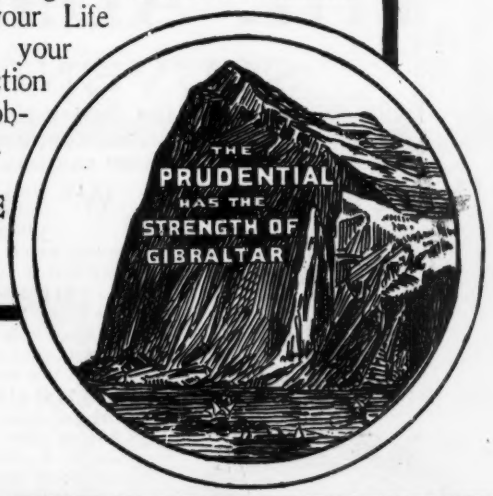
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

COE'S ECZEMA CURE! Large sample mailed free. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

CASH for acceptable ideas. State if patented. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

JUDGE'S LIBRARY is full of pure fun. No politics. 10c.

Established 1823.
WILSON
WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore Md.

Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Hawes

CELEBRATED

Hawes' Hats have three forms of superiority:
STYLE. QUALITY. PRICE.
FALL STYLES now on sale in all principal cities

Hawes Hat Co.

BROADWAY, Cor. 13th and 30th Sts., NEW YORK.

French honor is easily wounded; but, as the latest duel shows, a piece of court-plaster is sufficient to heal it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

STOP CHEWING!

JUDGE'S LIBRARY is full of pure fun. No politics. 10c.

Now doth the busy little 'skeet
Improve each shining minute
To prove that in the race for fame
The kissing-bug 's not in it
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Grimes—"Look here, Smith! why didn't you call last night? I told you my daughter was going to sing some of her new songs, and you appeared delighted." *Smith*—"I was delighted—to know she was going to sing."—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is my latest painting, 'The apotheosis of the bard.'" "Eh—that surely ain't Pegasus?" "No; we have done away with Pegasus. That's an automobile."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Miss Silleigh—"I think I shall go in for landscape-painting. Is it difficult to learn?" *De Aubrey*—"No; it's comparatively easy. All one has to do is to select the right colors and put them on the right place."—*Chicago News.*

"This isn't very good," remarked the naval officer as he ruefully gazed at the restaurant-table. "Why don't you complain?" "I don't dare say a word against it. It's a German pancake."—*Washington Star.*

De Hunter—"I say, old boy; let's go down to Hot Scotch bay duck-hunting." *De Sporter*—"I haven't any gun." *De Hunter*—"That doesn't matter. There are never any ducks there."—*New York Weekly.*

For the essence of all that's smooth, subtle, palatable and delicious try a Kremette Punch. Ask your grocer about Kremette, the new French ice-cream dressing. Order a bottle from him. Make a Kremette Punch yourself by adding Kremette to vanilla ice-cream and serve in a punch-glass. Kremette, the latest production of G. F. Heublein & Brother, possesses, as do all their other products, those qualities dependent upon infinite care and absolute purity.

Price, $1.00. 10,000 miles and repeat. *Dust proof, waterproof, positive action.* Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually *broken.* No springs. No delicate parts.

The Veeder Cyclometer

Is as necessary as your watch—one measures *Distance*, the other *Time*—the essential factors of every bicycle-ride.

Its merit has eliminated competition. Ninety per cent. of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers. For sale by all high-grade dealers. *Booklets Free.*

VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Made for 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 in. Wheels.

"Trip" Cyclometer. Price, $2.00. The small indicator can be set back to zero, *like a stem-setting watch*, after each trip, without affecting grand total on the large register. Same positive action as the other famous model.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII AWARDS GOLD MEDAL

In Recognition of Benefits Received from

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MARIANI WINE TONIC

For Body, Brain and Nerves

Send for Book of Endorsements and Portraits, Free and Postpaid.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

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Judge's LIBRARY MAGAZINE

The Record-breaking, Direct-returns Advertising Medium.

THE ADMIRAL DEWEY WATCH

SOUVENIRS OF THE SPANISH WAR

Daily Reminders of the Destruction of Our Good Battleship "Maine," and the Magnificent Victory of Admiral Dewey

IF YOU MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY YOU WILL REGRET IT - - READ CAREFULLY ALL THAT FOLLOWS

CASES ARE MADE FROM STEEL TAKEN FROM THE WRECK OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

Dewey Watch

For Gentlemen.

WE consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer these watches to readers of **Judge**, owing to the fact that the number of watches is limited, because **only 1,200 pounds of steel were saved** from the battleship; and while this will make a good many watch cases, the demand will exceed the supply a good many times over, so it is safe to say that if you want one of these watches *NOW IS THE TIME TO GET IT.*

THESE WATCHES ARE GUARANTEED.—The movements of these watches are of the best American manufacture and are guaranteed. If, with fair usage, either of these watches fails to keep good time, the manufacturers agree to repair or replace it if returned to us within one year from date of sale. This is the guarantee of the manufacturer to us and to you. You are thus doubly protected.

THE CASES ARE GENUINE.—The **back** and the **rim encircling the crystal** are made from **steel recovered from the wreck of the battleship "Maine." All of the steel saved,** about 1,200 pounds, was sold by the United States Government to the W. F. Doll Mfg. Co., who make these watches for us, and the letter of the commander in charge of the delivery of stores for the Government, given below, is proof that these cases are genuine. The steel has been chemically treated, giving the case the rich deep-blue color of gun metal, which is so popular to-day and used in the manufacture of expensive jewelry.

U. S. NAVY YARD

NEW YORK, February 11, 1899.

This is to certify that the U. S. Government through their representative at the New York Navy Yard has delivered to the W. F. Doll Manufacturing Company, New York, the Steel recovered from the wreck of the Battleship MAINE (about 1,200 lbs.) being the entire amount of steel saved.

W. A. GIBSON,
Commander, U. S. N.,
In Charge General Delivery of Stores.

WHAT ADMIRAL DEWEY THINKS OF THE DEWEY WATCH

FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA, MANILA, Oct. 21, 1898.
W. F. DOLL MFG. CO.,

Gentlemen:—I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful watch you so kindly sent me. It reached me yesterday and is the admiration of all who have seen it. I wish also to express my appreciation of the kindly sentiments contained in your note of September 3d. Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE DEWEY.

Dewey Watch

For Ladies

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

WITH HANDSOME CHATELAINE

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

..HANDSOME.. ..HISTORICAL.. ..PRICELESS.. ..PRACTICAL..

WE want it distinctly understood that these watches are not **cheap affairs** gotten up simply to sell. **The movements are good; the cases genuine, finely finished; open face, accurate timekeepers,** and will prove thoroughly satisfactory. In a few years it will be impossible to buy one of these watches from any one at anywhere near their intrinsic value, for they will be treasured and handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter as reminders of one of the most important and thrilling epochs in the history of our great and glorious nation.

SPECIAL TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR JUDGE.

We will send JUDGE one full year and the Dewey Watch for Gentlemen for a remittance of $7.00
" " " JUDGE " " " " " Dewey Watch for Ladies " " " " 9.00

The price of these watches to persons who do not care to subscribe to JUDGE is $10.00 each, postpaid by registered mail.

Address **JUDGE COMPANY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

Grab Your Grip—

but see that it holds a bottle of

Eagle Popular Cocktails

Whiskey, Manhattan, Martini, Gin, Vermouth, etc.

A-hunting, a-fishing, on the train, or at home, they're good for you.

Ask anybody.

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries.

RHEINSTROM BROS., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

If Uncle Sam paid as much for lynched negroes as he pays for lynched Italians perhaps public opinion would discover a new way to settle the problem which causes the south so much worry. It might even conclude to let the law take its course.—*Rochester Herald.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Once we wondered what you are.
Since we have electric light
You don't look so killing bright.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

In commenting on the robbery in St. Louis of a New York drummer a St. Louis paper remarks that the victim probably forgot he was in a city. Not that exactly; he forgot that he was in St. Louis.—*Buffalo Express.*

Send Fifteen Cents for Three months' trial subscription to

"THE BOOK-KEEPER"

A handsome 200-page magazine for Book-keepers, Cashiers and Business Men. It will teach you Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law, Short Cuts, Corporation Accounting, Banking, Business Pointers, Amusing Arithmetic, Lightning Calculations, etc., etc.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

HOW TO TELL A GOOD BARBER.

If you are looking for a good barber and a first-class shave; if you enjoy a rich, creamy lather that "never dries on the face," and appreciate delicate, refreshing odor; if you want to be safe from the dangers that exist in so-called cheap, highly perfumed soaps, go to the barber who uses **Williams' Shaving Soap.**

But if you are willing your face should smart and burn, and if you don't object to that parched, drawn feeling caused by quick drying lather and are not afraid of blood poisoning and other diseases, you can doubtless find barbers who use inferior soaps that cost a little less.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25cts. Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15c. Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial tablet for 2c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATIONS in THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

THE FRIGHTFUL HURRICANE IN PORTO RICO

The Port of Ponce, as it appeared during the Height of the furious Storm, while hundreds of Lives were being lost and incalculable Damage being inflicted.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell from Descriptions given by an eye-witness.

THE AWFUL CATASTROPHE IN PORTO RICO.

The Storm-swept Centres to which Relief is being hastened.—The popular Market-place in Ponce, which was swept by the Flood and Storm.—The Landing at Ponce, where great Damage was done to small Craft.—The McPherson, the first Relief Vessel sent out by the United States, with Six Million Pounds of Food Supplies.—Native Huts on the Aibonito Road, showing the Character of the Dwellings of the Natives that were swept away by thousands.—Loading Bags of Rice on the Relief Transport McPherson at New York.

THE FAMOUS DREYFUS CASE, WHICH HAS SET FRANCE ON THE EDGE OF A VOLCANO.

NOTABLE CHARACTERS AND SCENES IN ONE OF THE GREATEST POLITICAL CONSPIRACIES OF MODERN TIMES.

Captain Dreyfus, under Guard, leaving the Prison to enter the Court-room.—Dreyfus entering the Court on the opening Day of the Session.—Mrs. Dreyfus, accompanied by a Relative, leaving the Court-room.—Dreyfus's Counsel, Labori, sitting at the Window of the Apartment where he prepared the Defense.—View of the Court-room at Rennes—Taken from the Judge's Table behind the Wicket in the Foreground.—Professor Basch at the Entrance to his Residence, to which Labori was removed after the Latter was wounded.—Labori, who was shot while acting as Chief Counsel for Dreyfus.—Captain Dreyfus as he appeared before his Arrest.—General Mercier, the Chief Witness against Dreyfus.—Demange, associated with Labori in the Defense of Dreyfus.—Colonel Carrere, Chief Prosecutor for the Government.—General Boisdeffre, one of Dreyfus's Chief Accusers.—Colonel Picquart, one of the first to proclaim Dreyfus's Innocence.—General Zurlinden, who insists on Dreyfus's Guilt.—General Chanoine, one of Dreyfus's Public Accusers.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

DISTINGUISHED HONORS EXTENDED TO THE AMERICAN NAVAL HERO AT TRIESTE AND COLOMBO.

Admiral Dewey, in Civil Dress, leaving the Castle of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, in the Park near Trieste.—Formal Reception of Admiral Dewey by the British Officers and Soldiers at Colombo.—The Olympia's arrival at Trieste. Firing a Salute on entering the Harbor.—The Light-house Fort at Trieste replying to the Salute of the Olympia.—The first Photograph taken of the Olympia since her Departure for Manila.—Admiral Dewey's Fighting Flag-ship as she appeared in the Harbor of Trieste.—Admiral Dewey starting to make his first Official Call at Trieste. His Visit to the American Ambassador.—From Photographs taken especially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by Kunad & Company, Trieste.

Secure a Copy of any Newsdealer or on any Train. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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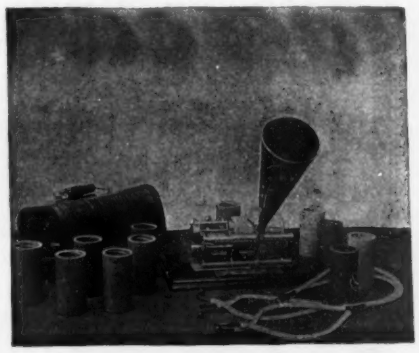
Every copy of JUDGE for 1898, in two volumes, substantially bound in cloth, with gilt edging, express prepaid anywhere in the United States, for $9. Send orders promptly.

Judge Publishing Co.,
110 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK.



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A week makes you a special member of our Summer Outing Graphophone Club, which provides you with our $19.00 Graphophone Combination, and includes

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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EXTRA QUALITY
DUNLAP & CO.

Celebrated

Hats.

Fall Styles

will be introduced

Thursday, August 31,

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia,

London, Scott & Co., Agents, 1 Old Bond St.

Paris, A Gelot, Agent, 13 Rue de la Paix,

Naples, F. D'Arienzo, Agent, Via Roma, 306.

And Accredited Agencies in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

FACTORIES—Park and Nostrand Avenues, Sanford and Ellery Streets, Brooklyn.

AT LONG BRANCH.

EDITH—"I had a proposal of marriage yesterday."
JACK (*icily*)—"Where was the excursion from?"

Battle Ships

A complete Illustrated history of the battle of Santiago, the ships that were destroyed and the ships THAT DID IT

Given away with every package of

Hoffman House

LITTLE CIGARS

TWO SIZES.

Ten for 10cts.—Ten for 15 cts.

A box of 50 postpaid for 50cts.

THE HILSON CO., MAKERS.
NEW YORK.

OLD OVERHOLT

A pure stimulant.
Physicians prescribe it.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Send 10 Cts. in Coin or Stamps to the

JUDGE COMPANY,
110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

Losing Money Lively.

THAT'S what advertisers are doing who do not patronize JUDGE. Those who lose the most by not being represented in JUDGE'S advertising columns are manufacturers of or dealers in

Carriages and Horses, Games,	Pianos,
Cigars and Cigarettes, Lamps,	Hotels,
Wines, Ales, Liquors, Pens,	Etchings,
High Class Clothing,	Investments,
Heating Apparatus,	Real Estate,
Patent Medicines,	Beef Extracts,
Barbers' Supplies,	Office Supplies,
Sporting Goods,	Prepared Foods,
Boots and Shoes,	Table Delicacies,
Hats and Caps,	Household Articles,
Underwear,	Photographic Outfits,
Fine Soaps,	Collars, Cuffs, Shirts,
Perfumes,	Books and Stationery,
Jewelry,	Insurance, Typewriters,

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate, Etc.

We do not recommend JUDGE for all classes of advertising; and JUDGE is not like a graveyard, which takes everything that comes. *We do, however, recommend most strongly* the columns of JUDGE for anything in the classification above. You cannot miss hitting somewhere when we introduce you at small cost to over two million readers every week. Therefore, we say, every week that you are not in JUDGE you are

Losing Money Lively.

AN IRRITATOR.

THE early bird was singing and the sun
was shining bright.
I seized my morning paper to read about the
fight;
But this sentence caught my notice as I scanned it o'er in haste:
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

You remember certain trip-slips for a five- or
ten-cent fare;
How they wearied all the passengers and
made them want to swear;
But that old and worn-out nuisance may be
worthily replaced
By "A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I tried to read the sporting news or bulletins
of war;
That horrid old advertisement kept ringing
o'er and o'er.
Across the editorials the silly words seemed
traced—
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I attempted conversation, and I found, to my
dismay,
That single wretched sentence was all that I
could say.
I tried to eat my breakfast, but I only seemed
to taste
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I suppose some clever agent penned that enterprising ad.;
I want to see the fellow and I want to see
him bad.
On all his best belongings I wish that I could
paste
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

And now, oh, gentle reader, in a wicked hope
that you
May fall a victim to its spell I write the line
anew,
And, graven on your memory, from mine
may be effaced
The "tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

CAROLYN WELLS.

Candy connoisseurs hold up

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

as the highest standard of candy excellence. Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son,
1310 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

"Well, Mollie 's off for the seashore, but she has been very reasonable about it." "Indeed?" "Yes. All she asks of her husband is that he send her his salary every week."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is said that a girl in North Belvidere sat for hours out on the front lawn the other night watching for one of those kissing-bugs. After the old folks had gone to bed one of them came along and stopped quite a while. He stood nearly six feet tall and wore a gray suit with a bicycle-cap. — *Belvidere Republican.*

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

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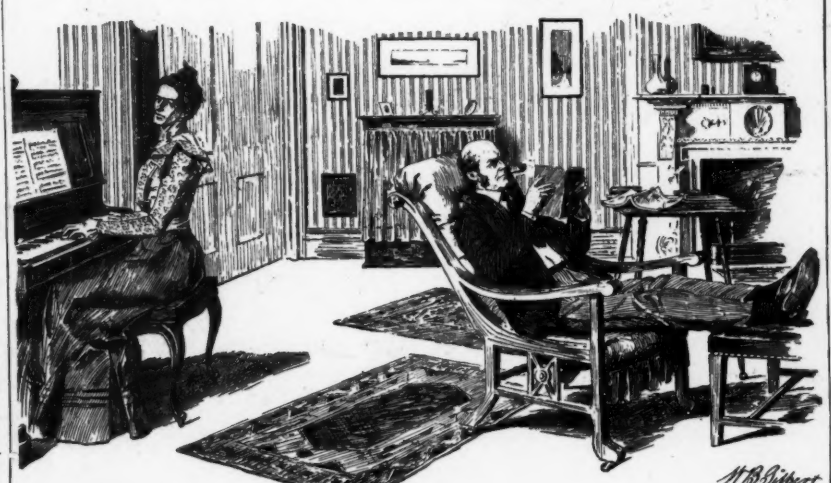

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